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BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

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BIOGRAPHY.

WE this day commence a series of Biographical Sketches of distinguished individuals of the United States. They were written in this Country, though first published in England, and can never fail to be interesting to Americans.

THE LIFE OF JOHN TRUMBULL,

The celebrated Author of M'FINGAL.

AMONG those who have successfully contributed to inspire the American people with the love of literatnre and liberty, who directed their minds to sound views of the nature of government, and refined their taste by the twofold means of criticism and poetry, the author of "*M'Fingal*" deserves to be considered as one of the first. Indeed, before his time, however they might have been cultivated in the middle and southern portions of North America, letters were in a very crude and debased condition in New-England. Efforts, it is true, had been made to lead the general mind towards their mere assiduous culture; but the slightest comparison of the writings of Mr. TRUMBULL, with those of his immediate predecessors, will surprize the critic with a dissimilitude, which, in any European country, could scascely have been expected to have happened in less than a century.

JOHN TRUMBULL, was born in the town of Waterbury, in Connecticut, in the year 1749 or 1750. His father, a wealthy and respectable clergyman of the place, early instructed him in the usual elements of education; and, flattered by his docile and active genius, led him from English to Latin and Greek.—Nor were his cares unrewarded; for such was the uncommon vigor of the intellect of his son, and so assiduously did he apply himself, that, at the age of seven, after a full examination, he was declared sufficiently advanced in his academic studies to deserve admission into Yale College. His tender years disinclining his parents to place him there so young, he was withdrawn, and did not join that institution till he was thirteen, or had entered his thirteenth year. His collegiate life was one continued scene of success. The superiority of his genius, attainments, and industry, elevated him, on every trial, over all his competitors; and such of his collegiate exercises as have been made public, evidence a spirit and correctness of thought and expression rarely discernible in more advanced years, and after greater opportunities of instruction. Mr. Trumbull graduated in 1767. In what manner the interval between this period and 1771 was spent, the writer of this article is not particularly informed. He has an indistinct recollection, however, that Mr. Trumbull was engaged in the business of instruction, in some part of Connecticut. In 1771, he accepted a tutorship in Yale College; and, as has been before remarked in the account of Dr. Dwight, was concerned in various periodical publications with that gentleman; all of which contributed to his reputation. Some of these performances were satirical; and their surprizing success induced the author to turn his attention more particularly to a species of writing for which, till then, he had himself modestly questioned his qualifications. However whatever might have been his own conceptions, as to the peculiar bent of his talents, his companions were too often forced to smart under the lash of his satire to entertain any doubts of his success. Nor does he appear to have been long held in doubt himself; for, in 1772, he published his poem, entitled, "*The Progress of Dulness,*" in three parts, separately printed. This poem had an amazing sale; and, notwithstanding several editions, and one as late as 1794, is now seldom to be met with, either in the shops or in libraries. To judge properly of the merit of this performance, the reader should be accurately and even minutely acquainted with the peculiar manners of the New-England people, and particularly with their manners at that time—for twenty years have made many changes—and as few foreigners can acquire this knowledge, the perusal of the "*Progress of Dulness,*" cannot be expected to interest the European reader in any remarkable degree.

Mr. Trumbull resigned his tutorship in 1773, and repaired to Boston. His original design was to devote himself to literature: but his father, judging, perhaps, more prudently for his son, obliged him to make choice of a profession; and Mr. Trumbull having determined in favor of the bar, he was placed under the direction of Mr. ADAMS, then a distinguished advocate and counsellor in Boston, late President of the United States. But though he was now condemned to a persuit little congenial to one whose inclinations continually tempted his *feet to stray into the pleasant paths of poetry*, Mr. TRUMBULL did not forget the Muses; and an occasion soon presented itself worthy of his pen. How he acquitted himself may be seen in his "*Elegy on the Times,*" first published at Boston, in 1774. On his admission to the bar, Mr. TRUMBULL returned to Connecticut; and after no long time settled at Hartford, where he has ever since continued. Here he soon became one of the ablest and most popular advocates; and till within a few years, (when his health had been so much impaired as to oblige him to decline the exercise of his professon) he was considered as the ablest counsellor in the county, and among the ablest in the state. His domestic habits, which seldom permitted him to mingle much in society at large; and, perhaps, the fear of his satiric talents prevented that eager interest in his behalf, among a large body of men, which would have carried him forward into public life; and it is owing, perhaps, to these sedentary habits, and to this seclusion, that he has become the victim of hypochondriac and nervous affections, which now impair his usefulness and poison his felicity.

Mr. TRUMBULL has been the sole or part author of numerous periodical publications, on literary, moral, and political subjects, all of which have commanded great respect. Of those, in which he was concerned with others, none has attracted more applause than a series of papers, somewhat on the plan of "*The Rolliad,*" and executed with equal wit, entitled, "*American Antiquities,*" and extracts from "*The Anarchiad,*" originally published in the Newhaven Gazette for 1786 and 1787. These papers have never been collected; but they were republished from one end of the continent of America to the other, in the newspapers of the day. They were the joint work of Mr. TRUMBULL, Mr. BARLOW, Col. HUMPHREYS, and Doctor HOPKINS.

But the work which has most contributed to establish the reputation of this poet, is the poem of "*M'Fingal;*" a poem which has been favourably received in Europe, and which was read with rapture in America.

Mr. TRUMBULL has published—

1. M'Fingal, a modern epic poem, in four cantos, printed in 1784—last American edition in 1796.

2. The Progress of Dullness, first printed in 1772—last edition in 1801.

3. Elegy on the Times, 1774—collected with his smaller serious poems, vol. 1 published at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1793.

It is said that Mr. TRUMBULL is preparing a complete edition of his works, illustrated with notes, and comprising many unpublished essays and poems.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A POPULAR TURKISH TALE.

AN aged widow had an only son, who repeatedly transgressed the rules enjoined in the sacred *Koran*, to be observed by all true believers: he neglected the customary ablutions, he gave no alms, and ate meat before the stars appeared during the holy feast of *Ramadan*,* 'when the gates of Paradise are open, and those of Hell are shut;' he intoxicated himself with opium and wine, and bowed not his body to the omnipotent *Allah*, the maker of the world.

His mother, rendered superlatively unhappy by his misconduct, tried numberless methods to reclaim him without effect. At last, with great difficulty she prevailed on him, when he committed a bad action, to drive a nail into the wall of his chamber, and when he performed a good action to take one out. In a short time the wall was nearly covered with the marks of his guilt; but the worst people may become the best. After a long time had elapsed he began to refrain from his evil courses, and conducted himself with so much propriety, that the nails gradually diminished, and were at last all drawn out; of which circumstance he exultingly informed his venerable parent, who with the greatest composure, addressed him as follows:

"My son," said she, "you have as it is true, dutifully attended to my advice, and enterd into the pleasant paths of virtue; but be not too proud that the nails are all drawn out, for the marks where they have been still remain; so, likewise, the odium of your former misconduct, will not be erased from your character, unless you continue to pursue the road to the blessed waters of Paradise, and never replunge into the dreadful gulph of polution, from which you have fortunately escaped."

* During the moon of Ramadan, the Mahomedans neither eat, drink, smoak, nor wash their mouths, nor even swallow their spittle, till the stars appear in the firmament.

SLIP-SLOP.

Æmilius-Paulus Flaminius Quintus Julius Caesar Muzzlemump is a man of fine natural parts a great admirer of the liberal sciences, and was educated in the learned profession of a soap boiler. When he had gone through a regular process of professional studies, it happened that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Margaretta-Maria Sophia Angelica Grizzlegig became deeply enamoured with this same Æmilus-Paulus Flaminus Quintus Julius Caesar Muzzlemump, and was married to him, contrary to the consent of both her papa and mama, who kept a respectable pawnbroker's repository in the polite neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

A reconciliation, however was gradually brought about; and in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria in possession of a genteel fortune.

Æmilius Paulus now gave up his business, whereby he became enabled to enjoy at large those more accomplishing pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is about five years since Æmilius Paulus quitted business; in which time as he himself says he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but, unfortunately, Æmilius and Margaretta Maria are strangers to that [illegible] maxim, upon which subsist all [illegible] licities of wedlock; for in general, whatever the one admires, the other hath a perculiar aversion to. In short, they scarcely ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel, are frequently education and family.

It is not many days since I had the honour to attend the above lady and gentleman in a hackney coach to that agreeable situation called Mount Pleasant. "I do insist upon your going," says Æmilius Paulus; "For I'll shew one of the most sweetest and most rurallest places you ever seed." But we had not ridden half a mile from Smithfield, when Æmilius Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster: upon which, Margaretta Maria, putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower.—"Drive more faster, I say, coachman," cries Æmilius Paulus.—"I say, drive more slower, coachman," cries Margaretta Maria.—Æmilius Paulus submitted and the horses kept only a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount Pleasant and had ordered tea and coffee, Æmilius Paulus, taking me by the arm, assured me, he would now shew a most capturvating prospect.—"We'll just," says he, "walk up to the surplus of the mount, and then we've all before us.—Here!—here!—here's beauty, already!—Now here!—now mind!—only observe!—There's Shooter's Hill!—and there!—Dod't you see that there white house there?—Dont you see a thing like a cubola?—Skim your eye a little more this way, and you'd have it——O ravishing landscup!——and there's St. Paul's church just before us!—and there's the Monerment!—and there's St. Bride's church, where my wife and I was married!"——"Ay, hang the church," cries Mrs. Muzzlemump, "I've hated the sight of it ever since."—"And so have I too," replies Æmilius Paulus.—"And there you see the river Terms, and the hills in Surrey! Now is n't this the most rurallest and the most sweetest place you ever seed—This is the place for pholosophers!

Mrs. Muzzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, "that she had been taught to understand, that pholosophers always chose solontary places to live in:"—but Æmilius Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and had retired to the coffee room, Æmilius Paulus, looking very importantly at me, asked me whether or no I had ever read Pope's works? "That there Pope," added he, "was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parnassicus!" Mrs. Muzzlemump, turning her head gracefully towards me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company. Upon which, Æmilius Paulus, looking dreadfully angry at her, called her "a poor illiter'd wretch!"

"Illiter'd!" replies Mrs. M. with fine spirit—"what do you mean, Sir, by illiter'd?—My family were never none of them illiter'd! My uncle Hogwash, of Cripplegate Ware (that's now dead and gone) was famous for his learning, and gave me the best of edercations! and I was always look'd upon as a lady of genus and sentiment, till I had the misfortune to take leave of my senses, and throw'd myself headlong away upon a paltry soap boiler! I mought have—"

"Soap boiler, Madam!" replies Æmilius Paulus, with great dignity of resentment—"a soap boiler!—Surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn broker?

"Intolerable inperance!" cries poor dear Mrs. Muzzlemump, with tears in her eyes—"What do you mean, you willian, by your scandal on the memory of my papy?—I wish he was alive to hear you."

Æmilius Paulus would have continued the quarrel, had not I interfered: Mrs. Muzzlemump, however, renewed it on our return home; and supremely happy I therefore thought myself when the welcome moment arrived for my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter to whom nature hath indulgently given many personal attractions: but it were better, perhaps for the daughter if she was less pretty; for the lessons which she receives daily from her accomplished mama, may render her, in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

Persons of mean extraction, of confined education, and mistaken ideas are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles most on them; for what is elevation in life without cultivation of manners? [*Lon. pap.*

RELIGION.—Every man has a right to adopt what religion and mode of worship he pleases, provided no man is injured by them. Perhaps that is the best religion which improves him the most.

There is a strong inclination in one man to disturb another in his religion, altho' it does not appear that he can profit by it.—The choice of and mode of worship, should ever remain with the man himself. They are private property. Religion is said to nourish the soul, as food the body. Has one man, then, any more right to interfere with another in his mode of worshipping than in that of eating?

Civil Liberty comes under the same rules as Religion. It is private property. Words and actions ought to be free, provided they are innocent. If no man is injured, none have a right to complain. Take away liberty, and you reduce him *beneath* a man.

Harmony.—He who cultivates peace with others does them a kindness; but he does himself a greater, by the returns of his own breast. If you brighten a knife it will smoth the stone on which you brighten it.

This is the case with nations; they who promote it find happy returns. War is the reverse. The life of a man is his all, and ought not to be wantonly trifled away. He who begins an unjust war is accountable for all the murders which follow.

War is one of the greatest plagues of man; and I am sorry it is a plague much coveted.—A bleeding man and bleeding nation are oppressed. When a man or a nation are oppressed, without having offended, they have a right to retaliate; but not to begin a war upon any other principle. [*Hutton's Tour.*

JUSTIN MARTYR.

Justin Martyr, a philosopher, who received christianity five and twenty years after the death of Ignatius, plainly tells us in his relation of conversion to the christian faith, "That the power of godliness in a plain simple christian, had that influence and operation on his soul, that he could not but betake himself to a serious and strict life:" and yet before he was a Cynick, a strict sect: and it gave him joy at his martyrdom, that he had spent his days as a serious teacher, and a good example. And Eusebius relates, "That tho' he was a follower of Plato's doctrine, yet, when he saw the christian's piety and courage he concluded no people so temperate, less voluptuous, and more set on divine things:" which first induced him to become a christian.

From a late London Publication.

FORAGING the other day among the book-stalls in the neighborhood of Holbron, I met with a rare little work intitled *Microsmographia*, by Edward Blount. It was printed so long back as 1629, and appears to have served the same purpose to our great-great-grand-fathers that the Moral Characters of Theophrastus did to his contemporaries. The character of an *universfity dunne* I have extracted; and am convinced it will be acknowledged in our two gr[illegible]inaries of learning as a portrait t[illegible]en from the life. It at least serves to show that *dunning* is an ancient practice; and that credit was given to the students with facility in the days of Charles the First, as in the days of George III.

"AN UNIVERSITY DUNNE,

"Is a gentleman's follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money has hired him. Hee is an inferior creditor of some ten shillings or downwards, contracted for horse hire or purchance for drinks, too weake to be put in suite, and he arrests your modesty. Hee is not very expensive of his time, for he will waite upon your stairs a whole afternoon; and dance attendance with more patience than a gentleman usher. He is a sore beleaguerer of chambers, and assaultes them sometimes with furious knockes; yet finds strong resistence commonly and is kept out. Hee is a great complainer of schollers loytering, for he is shure never to find them within, and yet he is the cheife cause many times that makes them studie. Hee grumbles at the ingratitude of men that shunne him for his kindnesse, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbrayder. No man puts them more to their brain than he; and by shifting him off, they learn to shift in the world. Some choose theire roomes, a-purpose to avoide his surprisals, and thinke the best commodity in them his prospect. Hee is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts those that care not for his company, and he knows it well enough; and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supple him is the buttery, when he takes grievous use upon your name, and he is one much wrought with good beere and retorike. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages; and no gallant walks the streets to less purpose."

During the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and when he lay with his army at Perth in Scotland, a rich old miser in that town, named Monday, hanged himself on account of the fall of grain.—Oliver offered a premium for the best Epigram on old Hunks. Several were sent the Protector, on the occasion, but he was pleased with none. At length, a poor Cobler sent him the following distich, which was approved, and received the premium:—

Blessed be the Sabbath day,
And cursed be worldly pelf;
Tuesday must begin the week,
For *Monday's* hang'd himself.

A person who, upon reading these lines, perceived that the Cobler was so ignorant as to suppose that *Monday* was the first day of the week, wrote the following:—

What country cam the Cobler frae,
That Monday 'gan the week wha wot;
Nor Jew nor Christian could he be—
Forsooth he was a Hottentot.

EPIGRAM ON A SKILFUL PHYSICIAN.

The following is a translation made by an apothecary. The original, in Latin, was by a physician. The subject was a gentleman, many years ago of Cambridge, a physician; and that, as far as we know was his only fault. For the epigram was written during his life-time, and sent to him as a peice of fun; at which the phisician, the subject of the banter, laughed heartily himself.

Hell, at length, has got hold of that old rogue X. V.
Whom the citizens there are delighted to see;
For they think, that since he is come there to dwell,
As he sent them from earth, he will send them from hell.

MARRIED,

At Sanford, Me. the 12th inst. Mr. Moody Pilsbury, of Buckstown, Merchant, to Miss Abigail R. Moulton, daughter of the late Gen. J. Moulton, of the former place.

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Hervey, to Miss Mary Plummer.

DIED,

In this town, on Friday morning, Mrs. Susanna Dana, wife of the Rev. Samuel Dana, of Marblehead—Æt. 27. Of a sprightly and cultivated mind, and a disposition uncommonly amiable, she was inexpressibly endeared to the circle of her friends and acquaintance. She sustained a tedious sickness with exemplary resignation, and like one whose heart and hopes were in a better world. Her early exit exhibits a new and affecting proof of the uncertainty attached to all human enjoyments and prospects. Happy, if the deep regret which it excites in many hearts, might recommend and endear to them that divine religion which affords the only true solace of grief and opens the only path to life and immortality.

POETRY.

THE NEGRO BOY'S TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

'HASTE! hoist the sails! fair blows the wind:
Jamaica, sultry land, adieu!—
Away! and loitering Anna find!
I long dear England's shores to view.'

The sailors gladly haste on board,
Soon is Trevannion's voice obeyed,
And instant, at her father's word,
His menials seek the absent maid.

But where was 'loitering Anna' found?
Mute, listening to a Negro's prayer,
Who knew that sorrow's plaintive sound
Could always gain her ready ear;—

Who knew, to sooth the slave's distress
Was gentle Anna's dearest joy,
And thence, an earnest suit to press,
To Anna flew the Negro boy.

'Missa,' poor Zambo cried, 'sweet land
Dey tell me dat you go to see,
Vere, soon as on de shore he stand,
De helpless Negro slave be free.

'Ah! dearest missa, you so kind!
Do take me to dat blessed shore,
Dat I mine own dear land may find,
And dose who love me see once more.

'Oh! ven no slave, a boat I buy,
For me a letel boat vould do,
And over wave again I fly
Mine own loved negro land to view.

'O! I should know it quick like tink,
No land so fine as dat I see,
And den perhaps upon de brink
My moder might be look for me!—

'It is long time since lass ve meet,
Ven I vas take by bad vite man,
And moder cry, and kiss his feet,
And shrieking after Zambo ran.

'O missa! long, how long me feel
Upon mine arms her lass embrace!
Vile in the dark, dark ship I dwell,
Long burn her tear upon my face.

'How glad me vas she did not see
De heavy chain my body bear;
Nor close, how close ve crowded be,
Nor feel how bad, how sick de air!

'Poor slaves!—but I had best forgot.
Dey say (but teaze me is deir joy)
Me grown so big dat ven ve meet
My moder vould not know her boy.

'Ah! sure 'tis false! But yet if no,
Ven I again my moder see,
Such joy I at her sight vould show
Dat she vould tink it must be me.

'Den kindest missa, be my friend;
Yet dat indeed you long become;
But now one greatest favor lend,—
O find me chance to see my home!

'And ven I'm in my moder's arms,
And tell de vonders I have know,
I'll say, Most best of all de charms
Vas she who feel for negro's woe.

'And she shall learn for you dat prayer
Dey teach to me to make me good;
Though men who sons from moders tear,
She'll tink, teach goodness never could.

'Dey say me should to oders do
Vat I vould have dem do to me;—
But, if dey preach and practice too,
A negro slave me should not be.

'Missa, dey say dat our black skin
Be ugly, ugly to de sight;
But surely if dey look vidin,
Missa, de negro's heart be vite.

'Yon cocoa-nut no smooth as silk,
But rough and ugly is de rind;
Ope it, sweet meat and sweeter milk
Vidin dat ugly coat ve find.

'Ah missa! smiling in your tear,
I see you know vat I'd impart;
De cocoa husk de skin I vear,
De milk vidin be Zambo's heart.

'Dat heart love you, and dat good land
Vere every negro slave be free,—
Oh! if dat England understand
De negro wrongs, how wrath she be!

'No doubt dat ship she never send
Poor harmless negro slave to buy,
Nor vould she e'er de wretch befriend
Dat dare such cruel bargain try.

'O missa's God! dat country bless!
(Here Anna's color went and came,
But saints might share the pure distress,
For Anna blushed at others' shame.)

'But missa, say; shall I vid you
To dat sweet England now depart,
Once more mine own good country view,
And press my moder on my heart?'

Then on his knees poor Zambo fell,
While Anna tried to speak in vain:
The expecting boy she could not tell*
He'd ne'er his mother see again.

But, while she stood in mournful thought,
Nearer and nearer voices came;
The servants 'loitering Anna' sought,
The echoes rang with Anna's name.

Ah! then, o'ercome with boding fear,
Poor Zambo seized her trembling hand,
'Mine only friend,' he cried, 'me fear
You go, and me not see my land.'

Anna returned the artless grasp:
'I cannot grant thy suit,' she cries;
'But I my father's knees will clasp,
Nor will I, till he here me, rise.

'For, should thine anxious wish prove vain,
And thou no more thy country see,
Still, pity's hand might break thy chain,
And lighter bid thy labors be.

'Here wanton stripes, alas! are thine,
And tasks, far, far beyond thy powers;
But I'll my father's heart incline
To bear thee to more friendly shores.

'Come! to the beach! for me they wait!'
Then, grasping Zambo's sable hand,
Swift as the wind, with hope elate,
The lovely suppliant reached the sand.

But woe betides an ill-timed suit:
His temper soured by her delay,
Trevannion bade his child be mute,
Nor dare such fruitless hopes betray.

'I know,' she cried, 'I cannot free
The numerous slaves that round me pine;
But one poor negro's friend to be,
Might, (blessed chance!) might now be mine'.

But vainly Anna wept and prayed,
And Zambo knelt upon the shore;
Without reply, the pitying maid
Trevannion to the vessel bore.

Mean while, poor Zambo's cries to still,
And his indignant grief to tame,
Eager to act his brutal will,
The negro's scourge-armed ruler came.

The whip is raised—the lash descends—
And Anna hears the sufferer's groan;
But while the air in shrieks she rends
The signal's given—the ship sails on.

That instant, by despair made bold,
Zambo one last great effort tried:
He burst from his tormentor's hold,—
He plunged within the foaming tide.

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* 'I could not tell the imp he had no mother.'—*Vide Series of Plays on the Passions, by Miss Baillie—Count Basil, page* 111.

The desperate deed Trevannion views,
And all his weak resentment flies:
'See, see! the vessel he pursues!
Help him, for mercy's sake!' he cries:

'Out with the boat! quick! throw a rope!
Wretches, how tardy is your aid!'
While, pale with dread, or flushed with hope,
Anna the awful scene surveyed.

The boat is out,—the rope is cast,
And Zambo struggles with the wave;—
'Ha! he the boat approaches fast!
O father, we his life shall save!'

'But low, my child and lower yet
His head appears;—but sure he sees
The succour given—and seems to meet
The opposing waves with greater ease:—

'See, see! the boat, the rope he nears!
I see him now his arm extend!—
My Anna, dry those precious tears;
My child shall be *one negro's friend!*'

Ah! Fate was near, that hope to foil:—
To reach the rope poor Zambo tries;—
But, ere he grasps it, faint with toil,
The struggling victim sinks, and dies.

* * * * * * * * *

Anna, I mourn thy virtuous woe;
I mourn thy father's keen remorse;
But from my eyes no tears would flow
At sight of Zambo's silent corse:—

The orphan from his mother torn,
And pining for his native shore,—
Poor tortured slave—poor wretch forlorn—
Can I his early death deplore?—

I pity those who live, and groan:
Columbia countless Zambos sees;
For swelled with many a wretch's moan
Is Western India's sultry breeze.

Come, Justice, co[illegible] in glory drest,
O come! the woe-worn negroe's friend,—
The fiend-delighting trade arrest,
The negro's chains asunder rend!

PRUDENCE.—FOR THE LADIES.

AS fiddlers, and archers who cunningly know
The way to be prais'd for their merit,
Will always take care they've two strings to their bow,
And manage their business with spirit.

So like a prudent young damsel should do,
Still make the best use of her beauty:
If her mark she would hit, or her lesson play through,
Two lovers should still be on duty.

Then arm'd against chance, and secure of supply,
Thus far her revenge she may carry—
One spark, for her sport, she might jilt and set by,
And t'other poor soul! she might marry.

BON TON.

SIR Hall and Lady Sneer were heard
Disputing which had most regard,
Says Madam, "When I die my love
Your guardian angel I will prove,
And hover round you night and day,
Lest you my dear should GO ASTRAY!"
"And shall I be so blest my dear,
(Cried Spouse) beneath your PHANTOM care.
Then STEADY AS YOU PLEASE, my love,
You may my GUARDIAN ANGEL PROVE."

MAXIMS.

A fault once denied, is twice committed.
A clear conscience is a sure card.
A gossip speaks ill of all, and all of her.

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